

THE
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Miscellany.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER AND THE QUAKERS.

[We extract from the Monthly Magazine "An Account of the Private Conference of Alexander, Emperor of Russia, with three Quakers, in the Summer of 1814, when the Emperor and the King of Prussia were in London;" which shows that he can be all things to all men. The Neapolitan revolution we have not, however, been able to forget.]

Extract of a Letter dated 21st of the Seventh Month, 1814, from J. Wilkinson, one of the three who were admitted to an audience with the truly Christian Emperor.

After J. Wilkinson has in his letter given an account of the unsuccessful endeavours of the deputation of Friends to obtain an interview with the king of Prussia, he says—Very different, indeed, from this, what passed with the Emperor of Russia, who, before the address of the Quakers was presented to him, went to the meeting at Westminster on a first day morning, (19th of the 6th month) taking with him his sister, the Duchess of Oldenburgh, his ambassador, the Count of Lieven, and two young princes—one, I believe, was his nephew, prince Oldenburgh, (not the Duchess's son,) the other's title I have forgot. Both the Emperor and his sister conducted themselves like persons on whose minds vital Christianity and undissembled piety had the predominance; and after the meeting concluded they did not hastily leave it, but with that condescension and kindness, which they have shown in so remarkable a manner on every occasion, they staid to shake hands with, and notice several of their friends who were near them; and before getting into the carriage, the Emperor told Mr. Allen who he would have wait on him with the address, fixing on the following day to receive it, saying that he wished for a private conference, therefore he would not have more attend than he had named. Wm. Allen, however, made interest afterwards with the ambassador, for Stephen Grellette to be admitted.

The Emperor received us without having any other attendants with him, and we, William Allen, S. Grellette, and myself, J. Wilkinson, continued with him near an hour.

As soon as we began to enter the room, the Emperor came forward to us and shook hands with each of us in the most condescending and affectionate manner; and when John Allen presented the address to him, he took it, but did not open it, having previously said, he should not wish the time we should allot for the audience to be taken up by reading an address, for he had seen a copy which was delivered to the ambassador on being asked to present it. Books were then presented, and the Emperor opened each of them, inquiring at the same time, with apparent interest, what they treated of. The

books were, "Barclay's Apology," "Book of Extracts," "Penn's no Cross no Crown," his "Summary and Maxims." After he had accepted the books, he turned round and expressed himself with great kindness, and in very full terms, concerning the satisfaction he felt at having been at the meeting, and wished to know whether it was held in the same manner our meetings usually are? He was informed that it was, but that there was not always speaking in our meetings.

"Do you then," said he, "read the Scriptures in them?"

"We are not in that practice; we believe true worship to consist in the prostration of the soul before God, and we do not consider it absolutely necessary for any thing to be read or spoken to produce that effect."

"This is my opinion, also," replied the Emperor, "and with regard to prayer, have you any form of prayer?"

"We have not; because we believe that in prayer the soul must communicate its supplication in such a manner as best suits its condition at the time prayer is offered up."

"In that," replied the Emperor, "I fully agree with you. I believe I can truly say there is not a day passes in which I do not pray, but it is not in any set form of words, for I soon found that my mind would not be satisfied without using such language as at the moment is applicable to its condition; but you know Jesus Christ gave a set form of words to his disciples?"

"He did; yet we conceive it was only to instruct them in which it was most essential they should petition for, without meaning to confine them to those very words on all occasions."

"I think you are right," said the Emperor. He then put many judicious questions, in order to be made acquainted with the leading features of the doctrine, discipline, and punctuality of the Society, and appeared well satisfied with the answers he received. With regard to the operation of the Divine Spirit on the mind, he expressed himself in such a manner, as one cannot conceive him short of being an humble and faithful follower of its holy and secret guidance. After making many inquiries about the society, he said in the most affectionate manner—"How is it that none of your people have been in Russia? If any of them go into my country on a religious account, don't let them wait for an introduction, but come immediately to me, I shall be glad to see them"—adding, "I shall be glad to see them."

Towards the conclusion of the audience, S. Grellette, in a respectful and affectionate manner, expressed the strong desire he felt for the Emperor's preservation, and the heavy burdens and complicated duties which must necessarily be allotted to him. Whilst S. Grellette was speaking, the Emperor took him by the hand, and, with a countenance full of nobility mingled with Christianity and tenderness, replied, "What you have said is a cordial to my mind, and which will long continue to be a strengthening to me;"—and when he parted with him, he shook hands with each of us, after saying, "I part with you as a friend and brother."

I cannot but feel myself very unworthy to have been present on such an important and interesting occasion, more especially having been one of only three; but perhaps if there had been many, the Emperor would not have felt the same unreserved freedom. For many days I seemed as though I had been exposed to a blaze of light, so powerfully was I impressed with the dignified, yet unaffected, humble, and pious countenance, manner, and expression, of that truly great prince, who seems indeed to have been walking on the light, and to be filled with the love of truth and goodness. In him the power and law of the Almighty are eminently displayed; for how can we see a frail mortal, who, in the midst of worldly glory, and almost adored by surrounding multitudes, instead of being puffed up with it, is, with the spirit of an humble Christian, triumphing over pride and vanity. How can

one see a human creature who has been nursed up in the lap of despotism, and that in the midst of dark superstition, and yet filled with light? How can one see this, without being at the same time sensible of the beauty and truth of our Saviour's assurance, "With God all things are possible?"—it has indeed been a lesson which I earnestly desire may not be thrown away upon me, and which I hope may have a beneficial effect upon many.

I must not omit just mentioning, that being spoken to on the subject of the slave trade, the Emperor unequivocally declared his sense of the enormity of it, saying of the Africans, "they are our brethren, and are like ourselves." He also expressed himself in a very satisfactory manner, as to the part he had taken to get it abolished. The following account was communicated to Ann Wacey, by Stephen Grellette, personally:

Stephen Grellette, remarking to the Emperor the satisfaction of his having such a sister, the Emperor replied, "It is, indeed. She is the gift of Heaven, for she is sensible of the influence of the Divine principle on her own heart; it is no use to speak to those who have not felt it." On hearing S. G. relate some particulars of his own life, he mentioned, "I consider you as safely landed, whilst I have to combat with troubles and difficulties, and am surrounded with temptations. Why don't some of your people visit my country? If any do, don't make applications to others, but come immediately to me; I promise you protection, and every assistance in my power."

He made many inquiries respecting the principles of Friends, and said, "I am one with you in sentiment respecting the spirituality of your worship." Inquired how they passed their time—whether they were consistent and happy in domestic life? On being told how they divided the day, he remarked, "It is the most mature, and such as I should like—not as many who spend so much time in drinking wine, which is below the dignity of man." Asked if Friends had any colleges for the education of their young men?—thought it would be better if they had; and inquired if any went to Oxford or Cambridge without they would adopt the costume and speaking of prayer? He said, "I pray daily—not in any form, but as I am animated by the Divine principle in my own heart."

On taking leave of S. G., he said, "Take my hand as a friend and a brother. I have had great satisfaction in this interview, and hope, when parted, we shall often think of each other."

In giving this account, S. G. said, no words could convey the fulness of his satisfaction in having paid this visit. I believe I may truly call him the CHRISTIAN Prince.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SUPERNATURAL VISITATIONS.

Professor K. of the University of Strasburgh, in the former part of his life, resided at Frankfort on the Maine, where he exercised the profession of a physician. One day being invited to dine with a party of gentlemen, after dinner, as is the custom in Germany, coffee was brought in; an animated conversation commenced, and at length the discourse turned upon apparitions; K. was amongst those who strenuously combated the idea of supernatural visitations, as preposterous and absurd; and a gentleman, who was a Captain in the army, with equal zeal supported the opposite side of the question.

The question was long and warmly contended, till in the end the attention of the whole company was engrossed by the dispute. At length the Captain proposed to K. to accompany him that evening to his country house, where, if he did not convince him of the reality of supernatural agency, he

would then allow himself, in the estimation of the present company, to whom he appealed as judges of the controversy, to be defeated. The Professor, with a laugh, instantly consented to the proposal, if the Captain would promise upon his honour, that no trick should be played off upon him: the Captain readily gave his word that no imposition should be resorted to, and here the matter rested. The wine circulated briskly, and the afternoon passed in the utmost conviviality. The Captain took his glass cheerfully, while K. prudently reserved himself, to be completely on his guard against any manœuvre that might be practised in order to deceive him, or, as he properly observed, "to be in full and sober possession of his faculties, that whatever should be presented to his sight, might be examined through the medium of his reason." The company broke up at rather an early hour, and the Captain and K. set out together on their adventure. When they drew near the Captain's house, he suddenly stopped near the entrance to a solemn grove of trees. They descended from their vehicle, and walked towards the grove. The Captain traced a large circle on the ground, into which he requested K. to enter. He then solemnly asked him if he possessed sufficient resolution to remain there alone to complete the adventure; to which K. replied in the affirmative. He added, further, "whatever you may witness, stir not, I charge you, from this spot, till you see me again: if you step beyond this circle, it will be your immediate destruction." He then left the Professor to his own meditations, who could not refrain from smiling at what he thought the assumed solemnity of his acquaintance, and the whimsical situation in which he was placed. The night was clear and frosty, and the stars shone with a peculiar brilliancy: he looked around on all sides to observe from whence he might expect his ghostly visitant. He directed his regards towards the grove of trees: he perceived a small spark of fire at a considerable distance within its gloomy shade. It advanced nearer; he then concluded it was a torch borne by some person who was in the Captain's secret, and who was to personate a ghost. It advanced nearer; and the light increased; until it approached the edge of the circle wherein he was placed. "It was then," to use his own expressions, "I seemed surrounded with a fiery atmosphere: the heavens and every object before visible, was excluded from my sight." But now a figure of the most undefinable description absorbed his whole attention; his imagination had never yet conceived any thing so truly fearful. What appeared to him the more remarkable, was an awful benignity portrayed in its countenance, and with which it appeared to regard him. He contemplated for a while this dreadful object, but at length fear began insensibly to arrest his faculties. He sunk down on his knees to implore the protection of heaven; he remarked, for his eyes were still riveted on the mysterious appearance, which remained stationary, and earnestly regarded him, that at every repetition of the name of the Almighty, it assumed a more benignant expression of countenance, whilst a terrific brilliancy gleamed from its eyes. He fell prostrate on the ground, fervently imploring heaven to remove from him the object of his terrors. After a while he raised his head, and beheld the mysterious light fading by degrees in the gloomy shades of the grove from which it issued. It soon entirely disappeared, and the Captain joined him almost at the same moment. During their walk to the Captain's house, which was close at hand, the Captain asked his companion, "Are you convinced that what you have now witnessed was supernatural?" K. replied, "he could not give a determinate answer to that question; he could not on natural principles account for what he had seen, it certainly was not like any thing earthly, he therefore begged to be excused from saying any more on a subject which he could not comprehend." The Captain replied, "he was sorry he was not convinced;" and added, with a sigh, "he was still more sorry that he had

ever attempted to convince him." Thus far it may be considered as no more than a common phantasmagorical trick, played off on the credulity of the Professor; but in the end the performer paid dearly for his exhibition: he had, like a person ignorant of a complicated piece of machinery, given impetus to a power which he has not the knowledge to control, and which in the end proves fatal to him who puts it in motion. K. now assumed a gaiety which was very foreign to his feelings: his thoughts, in spite of his endeavours, were perpetually recurring to the events of the evening; but in proportion as he forced conversation the Captain evidently declined it, becoming more and more thoughtful and abstracted every moment. After supper K. challenged his friend to take a glass of wine, hoping it would rouse him from those reflections which seemed to press so heavy on his mind. But the wine and the Professor's discourse were alike disregarded: nothing could dispel the settled melancholy which seemed to deprive him of the power of speech; and immediately after supper, the Captain had ordered all his servants to bed. It drew towards midnight, and he remained still absorbed in thought, but apparently not wishing to retire. K. was silently smoking his pipe, when on a sudden a heavy step is heard in the passage; it approaches the room in which they are sitting,—a knock is heard: the Captain raises his head and looks mournfully at K. The knock is repeated,—both are silent: a third knock is heard, and K. breaks the silence by asking his friend why he does not order the person in. Ere the Captain could reply, the room door was flung wildly open, when behold! the same dreadful appearance which K. had already witnessed stood in the door way. Its awful benignity of countenance was now changed into the most appalling and terrific frown. A large dog which was in the room crept whining and trembling behind the Captain's chair. For a few moments the figure remained stationary, and then motioned the Captain to follow it; he rushed towards the door, the figure receded before him, and K. determined to accompany his friend, followed with the dog. They proceeded unobstructed into the court yard; the doors and gates seemed to open spontaneously before them. From the court yard they passed into the open fields; K. with the dog were about 20 or 30 paces behind the Captain. At length they reached the spot near to the entrance of the grove, where the circle was traced; the figure stood still, when on a sudden a bright column of flame shot up, a loud shriek was heard, a heavy body seemed to fall from a considerable height, and in a moment all was silence and darkness. K. called loudly on the Captain, but received no answer. Alarmed for the safety of his friend, he fled back to the house, and quickly assembled the family. They proceeded to the spot, and found the apparently lifeless body of the Captain stretched on the ground. The Professor ascertained, on examination, that the heart still beat faintly; he was instantly conveyed home, and all proper means were resorted to to restore animation; he revived a little, and seemed sensible of their attentions; but remained speechless till his death, which took place in three days after. Down one side, from head to foot, the flesh was livid and black, as if from a fall or severe bruise. The affair was hushed up in the immediate neighbourhood, and his sudden death was attributed to apoplexy.

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF DAVID HUME TO ADAM SMITH.

My dear Smith—I have been three days at Paris, and two at Fontainebleau, and have every where met with the most extraordinary honours, which the most exorbitant vanity could wish or desire. The compliments of dukes and marischals of France, and foreign ambassadors, go for nothing

with me at present: I retain a relish for no kind of flattery but that which comes from the ladies. All the courtiers, who stood around when I was introduced to Madame de Pompadour, assured me, that she was never heard to say so much to any man; and her brother, to whom she introduced me, — But I forget already, that I am to scorn all the civilities of men. However, even Madame Pompadour's civilities were, if possible, exceeded by those of the Duchess de Choiseul, the wife of the favourite and prime minister, and one of the ladies of the most distinguished merit in France. Not contented with the very obliging things she said to me on my first introduction, she sent to call me from the other end of the room, in order to repeat them, and to enter into a short conversation with me; and not contented with that, she sent the Danish ambassador after me, to assure me, that what she said was not from politeness, but that she seriously desired to be in friendship and correspondence with me. There is not a courtier in France, who would not have been transported with joy, to have had the half of these obliging things said to him by either of these great ladies; but what may appear more extraordinary, both of them, as far as I could conjecture, have read with some care all my writings that have been translated into French, that is, almost all my writings. The king said nothing particular to me, when I was introduced to him; and (can you imagine it) I was become so silly, as to be a little mortified by it, till they told me, that he never says any thing to any body the first time he sees them. The dauphin, as I am told from all hands, declares himself on every occasion very strongly in my favour; and many people assure me, that I have reason to be proud of his judgment, even were he an individual. I have scarce seen any of the geniuses of Paris, who, I think, have in general great merit, as men of letters; but every body is forward to tell me the high panegyrics I receive from them; and you may believe that ——— approbation which has procured me all those civilities from the courtiers.

I know you are ready to ask me, my dear friend, if all this does not make me very happy: No, I feel little or no difference. As this is the first letter I write to my friends at home, I have amused myself, (and I hope I have amused you) by giving you a very abridged account of these transactions: but can I ever forget, that it is the very same species, that would scarce show me common civilities a very few years ago at Edinburgh, who now receive me with such applauses at Paris? I assure you, I reap more internal satisfaction from the very amiable manners and character of the family in which I live (I mean Lord and Lady Hertford and Lord Beauchamp) than from all these external vanities; and it is that domestic enjoyment which must be considered as the agreeable circumstance in my situation. During the two last days in particular, that I have been at Fontainebleau, I have *suffered* (the expression is not improper) as much flattery, as almost any man has ever done in the same time: but there are few days in my life, when I have been in good health, that I would not rather pass over again. Mr. Neville, our minister, an honest worthy English gentleman, who carried me about, was astonished at the civilities I met with; and has assured me, that on his return, he will not fail to inform the King of England and the English ministry of all these particulars.

But enough of all these follies: You see I trust to your friendship, that you will forgive me; and to your discretion, that you will keep my secret.

I had almost forgot, in these effusions, shall I say of my misanthropy or my vanity, to mention the subject which first put my pen in my hand. The Baron d'Holbac, whom I saw at Paris, told me, that there was one under his eye that was translating your *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, and desired me to inform you of it. Mr. Fitzmaurice, your old friend, interests himself

strongly in this undertaking. Both of them wish to know, if you propose to make any alterations in the work, and desire you to inform me of your intentions in that particular. Please direct to me under cover to the Earl of Hertford, at Northumberland House, London. Letters so directed, will be sent to us at Paris. I desire my compliments to all friends. I am, my dear Smith, yours sincerely,

DAVID HUME.

Fontainebleau, 26th Oct. 1763.

Dear Smith—I shall give you an account of the late heteroclitic exploits of Rousseau, as far as I can recollect them. There is no need of any secrecy: they are most of them pretty public, and are well known to every body that had curiosity to observe the actions of that strange, undefinable existence, whom one would be apt to imagine an imaginary being, though surely not an *eus rationis*.

I believe you know, that in spring last, Rousseau applied to General Conway, to have his pension. The General answered to Mr. Davenport, who carried the application, that I was expected to town in a few days, and without my consent and approbation, he would take no steps in that affair. You may believe I readily gave my consent: I also solicited the affair through the treasury; and the whole being finished, I wrote to Mr. Davenport, and desired him to inform his guest, that he needed only appoint any person to receive payment. Mr. Davenport answered me, that it was out of his power to execute my commission: for that his wild philosopher, as he called him, had eloped of a sudden, leaving a great part of his baggage behind him, some money in Davenport's hands, and a letter on the table, as odd, he says, as the one he wrote to me, and implying that Mr. Davenport was engaged with me in a treacherous conspiracy against him. He was not heard of for a fortnight, till the chancellor received a letter from him, dated at Spalding in Lincolnshire; in which he said, that he had been seduced into this country by a promise of hospitality, that he had met with the worst usage, that he was in danger of his life from the plots of his enemies, and that he applied to the chancellor, as the first civil magistrate of the kingdom, desiring him to appoint a guard at his own (Rousseau's) expense, who might safely conduct him out of the kingdom. The chancellor made his secretary reply to him, that he was mistaken in the nature of the country, for that the first postboy he could apply to, was as safe a guide as the chancellor could appoint. At the very same time that Rousseau wrote this letter to the chancellor, he wrote to Davenport, that he had eloped from him, actuated by a very natural desire, that of recovering his liberty; but finding he must still be in captivity, he preferred that at Wootton: for his captivity at Spalding was intolerable beyond all human patience, and he was at present the most wretched being on the face of the globe: he would therefore return to Wootton, if he were assured that Davenport would receive him. Here I must tell you that the parson of Spalding was about two months ago in London, and told Mr. Fitzherbert, from whom I had it, that he had passed several hours every day with Rousseau, while he was in that place; that he was cheerful, good humoured, easy, and enjoyed himself perfectly well, without the least fear or complaint of any kind. However this may be, our hero, without waiting for any answer, either from the chancellor or Mr. Davenport, decamps on a sudden from Spalding, and takes the road directly to Dover; whence he writes a letter to General Conway seven pages long, and full of the wildest extravagance in the world. He says, that he had endured a captivity in England, which it was impossible any longer to submit to. It was strange, that the greatest in the nation, and the whole nation itself, should have been seduced by one private man, to serve his vengeance against another private man. He found in every face that he was here the object of general derision and aversion, and he was therefore infinitely desirous

to remove from this country. He therefore begs the General to restore him to his liberty, and allow him to leave England. He warns him of the danger there may be of cutting his throat in private; as he is unhappily a man too well known, not to have inquiries made after him, should he disappear of a sudden. He promises, on condition of his being permitted to depart the kingdom, to speak no ill of the king or country, or ministers, or even of Mr. Hume: as indeed, says he, I have perhaps no reason; my jealousy of him having probably arisen from my own suspicious temper, soured by misfortunes. He says, that he wrote a volume of memoirs, chiefly regarding the treatment he has met with in England; he has left it in safe hands, and will order it to be burned, in case he be permitted to go beyond seas, and nothing shall remain to the dishonour of the king and his ministers. This letter is very well wrote, so far as regards the style and composition; and the author is so vain of it, that he has given about copies, as of a rare production. It is indeed, as General Conway says, the composition of a whimsical man, not of a madman. But what is more remarkable, the very same post, he wrote to Davenport, that having arrived within sight of the sea, and finding that he was really at liberty to go or stay, as he pleased, he had intended voluntarily to return to him; but seeing in a newspaper an account of his departure from Wootton, and concluding his offences were too great to be forgiven, he was resolved to depart for France. Accordingly, without any farther preparation, and without waiting General Conway's answer, he took his passage in a packet boat, and went off that very evening. Thus you see, he is a composition of whim, affectation, wickedness, vanity, and inquietude, with a very small if any ingredient of madness. He is always complaining of his health; yet I have scarce ever seen a more robust little man of his years. He was tired in England, where he was neither persecuted nor caressed, and where, he was sensible, he had exposed himself. He resolved therefore to leave it; and having no pretence he is obliged to contrive all those absurdities, which he himself, extravagant as he is, gives no credit to. At least, this is the only key I can devise to his character. The ruling qualities abovementioned, together with ingratitude, ferocity, and lying, I need not mention eloquence and invention, form the whole of the composition.

When he arrived at Paris, all my friends, who were likewise all his, agreed totally to neglect him. The public too disgusted with his multiplied and indeed criminal extravagances, showed no manner of concern about him. Never was such a fall from the time I took him up, about a year and a half before. I am told by D'Alembert and Horace Walpole, that, sensible of this great alteration, he endeavoured to regain his credit by acknowledging to every body his fault with regard to me: but all in vain. He has retired to a village in the mountains of Auvergne, as M. Durand tells me, where no body inquires after him. He will probably endeavour to recover his fame by new publications; and I expect with some curiosity the reading of his memoirs, which will, I suppose, suffice to justify me in every body's eyes, and in my own, for the publication of his letters and my narrative of the case. You will see by the papers, that a new letter of his to M. D., which I imagine to be Davenport, is published. This letter was probably wrote immediately on his arrival at Paris; or perhaps is an effect of his usual inconsistency: I do not much concern myself which. Thus he has had the satisfaction, during a time, of being much talked of, for his late transactions; the thing in the world he most desires: but it has been at the expense of being consigned to perpetual neglect and oblivion.—My compliments to Mr. Oswald; and also to Mrs. Smith. I am, dear Smith, yours sincerely,

DAVID HUME.

London, 8 Oct. 1767.

P. S. Will you be in town next winter.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

VALERIUS, A ROMAN STORY.

Gifted as we certainly are, and astonishing as our penetration is universally allowed to be; we are yet unable to disclose to our readers the anonymous writer of these volumes; which form a work of singular character, and of deep interest. We cannot attribute it to the author of *Waverley*, but it is from his school; for as *Ivanhoe* depicts the manners of our Anglo-Norman and Saxon ancestors, so the work before us sketches with a masterly hand, the manners of the age of Trajan. *Valerius* is by birth a Briton, the son of a noble Roman by a British mother. Brought up to manhood in this island, he is called by business to Rome, where he falls in love with *Athanasia*, a lovely girl of the Sempronian family, who has secretly embraced the Christian faith, at the period when Trajan persecuted the Christians with cold blooded barbarity. *Athanasia* herself is arrested, but rescued by her lover and proselyte, who marries and flies with her to his native Britain. Such are the materials out of which the author has constructed, that desideratum in literature, a Roman novel.

The first chapter, necessary as an introduction to the tale, is the dulllest in the whole work; but the interest rises from the moment that *Valerius* quits the banks of the Anton, now called the Test, a small river, between Winchester and Salisbury, and embarking at Clausentum, sails direct for Ostium. On the voyage, we are introduced to a jolly Centurion, *Kæso Sabinus*, who, in the course of the tale, acts a very prominent part, and is drawn with great felicity. The travellers, on quitting their ship, engage a barge, which wafts them leisurely up the Tiber to Rome; and here we meet the first specimen of a talent which the writer lavishly displays on subsequent occasions, that of *picturesque description*. He places almost before our eyes the succession of stately edifices which then enriched the banks of the river—the dark green of the venerable groves—the elaborate cultivation every where so visible—and the universal air of elegance which pervaded the whole region. For this spirited and defined sketch we have not space among our extracts, as we prefer giving the more splendid view of Rome itself, supposed to be seen by our hero from the house of his kinsman, the orator *Lacinius*.

"This gallery commanded a prospect of a great part of the city, which at that hour appeared not less tranquil and stately, nothing being in motion except a few small boats gliding here and there upon the river. Neither as yet had any smoke begun to darken the atmosphere; so that all things were seen in a serene and steady light, the shadows falling broadly westward over streets and squares—but pillars and porticoes, and obelisks and arches, rising up every where with unsullied and undisturbed magnificence, into the bright air of the morning. The numerous poplars and alders, and other lofty trees of the gardens, also seemed to be rejoicing in the hour of dew and silence; so fresh and cheerful was the intermixture of their green branches among the surrounding piles of white and yellow marble. Near at hand, over the groves of the Philoclean mansion, I could see the kingly dome of the Pantheon, all burnished with living gold—and the proud colonnades of the Flaminian Circus loaded with armies of brazen statues. Between these and the river, the theatres of Pompey and Marcellus, and I know not how many beautiful temples, were visible, each surpassing the other in chaste and solemn splendour. Across a more crowded region, to the westward, my eye ascended to the capitol, there to be lost among the central magnificence of the mistress of the world; while still further removed from me, although less elevated in natural situation, the gorgeous mansion of the emperor was seen lifted up, like some new and separate city

upon its enormous fabric of arcades, high over all the remains of that forest of elms and sycamores, by which Nero had once dared to replace the unhoused tenants of the Palatine. Behind me the Flavian Amphitheatre, (the Coliseum,) the newest and the most majestic of all Roman edifices, detained the eye, for a space, from all that lay beyond it—the whole splendid mass; namely, of the Esquiline—and those innumerable aqueducts, which lie stretched out, arch after arch, and pillar after pillar, quite over the peopled champaign to the very ridge of the mountains. But why should I vainly essay to give to you, by cold words of description, any idea of the peerless prospect that every where surrounded me! Lost amidst the pomp of this unimagined human greatness, I was glad to rest my sight ever and anon, upon the cool waters of old Tiber, in whose face nothing of all this was truly depicted, except the serene and cloudless beauty of that Italian sky; temple and tower, and every monument of art, being mellowed down into a softer and more tolerable grandeur.”

It would be difficult to find in any travels, ancient or modern, a more spirited description of a real, than is here given of an imaginary scene. The features, it is true, are supplied by history, but there is an intensity of feeling which proves the author to be a true poet; one who to the eye of his mental vision can body forth the forms of things unknown. He seems to have lived in the age of Trajan, and to have been actually transported into the midst of the great city, with all the sense of astonishment and admiration, which would naturally arise in the mind of a young, but intelligent stranger. The language, too, is rich and abundant, harmonious yet correct, the epithets well chosen, the sentences smooth, clear, and flowing; there is no appearance of labour, no turgidity of description; and yet the noble panorama is placed before us, in all its magnificence, as by the felicitous pencil of an accomplished painter.

Many other examples of excellence in the descriptive style the author has afforded, particularly the gladiatorial shows in the first volume, and the view from the Palatine Hill in the second; but yet this is by no means his highest faculty. He has given a strong dramatic interest to the tale, as well by the characters which it develops, as by the incidents which it relates. He has brought before our eyes the patrician advocates, the Pretorian Guards, the venerable priestess of Apollo, the pedantic and hypocritical teacher of philosophy, the half credulous, half cheating pretender to witchcraft, the sanguinary populace of the city, and the simple inhabitants of a provincial village. A learned antiquary might doubtless detect anachronisms in the customs and manners of the age, in the state of the public edifices, and in the other minute accompaniments of the story; but taking the whole together, we know of no work which so completely domesticates us among the Romans, at that very interesting period, when imperial Paganism began to tremble and give way before persecuted Christianity.

But the great merit, without which all others, in a work of this kind, are lost and thrown away, the writer before us possesses in a very high degree—we mean the sustained and growing interest of the story itself. The events succeed each other naturally, and are well adapted to the agencies by which they are brought about. Even the liberation of *Athanasia* from her prison, at a moment of apparently hopeless extremity, is effected without any great violation of probability, considering the peculiar circumstances in which *Silo*, the gaoler, had been placed, as a freed man of Domitian, and a concealed Christian convert. The only incident, of which we doubt whether it be in strict keeping with the rest of the piece, is the Amazonian spirit which *Athanasia* displays in the catacombs, in defence of the life of the aged priest, *Aurelius*. Perhaps this is scarcely consistent either with her

native sensibility, or with the meekness and resignation which she had derived from her religious instructor.

Another criticism, on which we venture more confidently is, that of the speech of *Thraso*, the Christian martyr, immediately previous to his execution in the Amphitheatre. It is not only too long, but it wants, what we are rather surprised that it should want from the pen of the author of *Valerius*—the peculiar characteristics of a Christian martyr's eloquence. Instead of a forcible and exclusive appeal to the great testimonies of miracle and prophecy in support of the divine character of Christ, the chief part of the speech is taken up with a prolix account of *Thraso's* own adventures, tending rather to show that he was a brave soldier and a loyal subject, than to convince the emperor and the audience of the truth and importance of Christianity.

The sanctified and enthusiastic feelings of the early Christians are far more correctly depicted in the beautiful prison scene, where *Valerius* contrives to visit his loving and beloved *Athanasia*; which is wrought up with a delicacy and force, that while they prove the author to possess the highest gifts of imagination, bear witness also to the purity of his mind, and the rectitude of his principles; and in extracting it we shall close our critique on a work, the perusal of which has afforded us, and will, we doubt not, afford our readers extreme gratification.

"The little girl, in the mean time, perceiving nothing of *Athanasia's* trouble, continued to play with a linnet, which sate upon her finger, and to imitate after her childish fashion the notes of the bird. From time to time she turned round, as if to attract the lady's notice to the beauty of her favourite, and lifted upwards her smiling eyes, the pure azure of which reflected the careless glee of innocence. But at length another and another drop fell full upon the cheek of the damsel, and then she looked upwards more steadily, and seeing that in truth *Athanasia* wept, her own eyes began immediately to overflow with the ready tears of childhood. *Athanasia* pressed the girl to her bosom, and made one struggle more; but it would not do, for her heart was running to the brim, and at last with one passionate sob all the sluices gave way, and she was dissolved at once in a flood of weeping. I took her unresisting hand, and imitated as best I could the language of that consolation, which, alas! I had not to give. But it seemed as if my poor whispers only served to increase the misery they were meant to still. She stooped and covered her face with her hands, and sobs and tears were mingled together, and the blood glowed red in her neck in the deep agony of her lamentation.

"I looked round, and saw that the old priest was moved, at first scarcely less than myself, by all this sorrowful sight. Yet the calmness of age deserted him not long; and after a moment there remained nothing in his countenance but the gravity and the tenderness of compassion. He arose from his seat, and without saying a single word to *Athanasia* or to myself, walked quietly towards the end of the apartment, from which when he returned, after a brief space, there was an ancient volume held open in his hand. Still, without addressing us, the old man resumed his seat, which was right over against the disconsolate maiden; and immediately, in a voice touched, and but touched, with tremor, he began to read aloud in the Greek tongue, words which were then new, and which have ever since been in a peculiar manner dear to me. You, my friends, know them well; and surely none are to be found in all the scriptures, more beautiful than those sacred words of the royal poet of the Hebrews."

"'God,' said the old man, and his voice gained strength from every word as he uttered it, 'God is our refuge and strength: a very present help in trouble.

“‘Therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed; though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

“‘Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled;

“‘Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.’

“Athanasia took her hands from her face, and gradually composing herself, looked through her tears upon the old man as he proceeded.

“‘There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God;

“‘The holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High;

“‘God is in the midst of her.

“‘She shall not be moved;

“‘God shall help her, and that right early.

“‘The heathen raged; the kingdoms were moved;

“‘He uttered his voice; the earth melted.

“‘The Lord of Hosts is with us;

“‘The God of Jacob is our refuge.’

“The blood had mounted high in the countenance of Aurelius, and his voice had become strong and full, ere he reached these last words of triumphant confidence. The tears also had been all dried up on the pale cheek of Athanasia; and although her voice was not heard, I saw that her lips moved fervently along with those of the fervent priest. Even in me, who knew not well from whence they proceeded, the words of the royal prophet produced I know not what of buoyance and of emotion, and perhaps my lips, too, had involuntarily essayed to follow them; for when he paused from his reading, the old man turned to me with a face full of benignity, and said, ‘Yes, Valerius, it is even so; Homer, Pindar, Æschylus—these, indeed, can stir the blood: but it is such poetry as this that alone can soothe in sorrow, and strengthen in the hour of tribulation.’”

FROM THE PERCY ANECDOTES.

BONAPARTE.

If ever there was an individual who felt the

—— “energy divine of great ambition,
That can inform the souls of beardless boys,
And ripen ’em to men in spite of nature,”

it was Napoleon Bonaparte, who, from a comparatively obscure origin, in a few years raised himself to be sovereign of the most powerful empire that ever acknowledged the sway of one man. When only twenty-six years of age, he who had never commanded an army, nor even been in a regular battle, by his ardour, science, and activity, defeated well disciplined armies, commanded by experienced generals. For many years success attended every enterprise; and he might have perpetuated his dynasty on the throne he had raised, had not he tempted fortune too far; but his was the “vaulting ambition which still o’erleaps itself.”

When the tide of war, which he had urged from the Rhine to the Moskwa, rolled back upon him, and he had to contend for his life and his crown in the fertile plains of his much-loved France, he still displayed that consummate military skill which had procured for him the title of the “first captain of the age.” He was, however, compelled to yield to the force of circumstances, and exchange the crown of Imperial France, for the petty sovereignty of the Island of Elba. After a few months of dignified exile, he returned to France; and although attended by only a few hundred followers he marched in triumph to Paris, and reascended the throne. Europe, to whom his name was still formidable, armed against him! he prepared to resist the formidable confederation, but it was too powerful for him; and the battle of Waterloo decided the fate of Napoleon, and of Europe.

After this last fatal struggle, he returned to the capital; but France was no longer faithful to him, and he was deserted. How truly, then, might he, reflecting on what he had been, exclaim,

"Fortune came smiling to my youth, and woo'd it;
And purpled greatness met my ripen'd years.
When first I came to empire, I was borne
On tides of people crowding to my triumphs:
The wish of nations, and the willing world,
Receiv'd me as its pledge of future peace:
I was so great, so happy, so belov'd,
Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains,
And work'd against my fortune; chid her from me,
And turn'd her loose; yet still she came again.

* * * * *

now she's gone.

Gone, gone, divorce'd for ever!"

Finding himself no longer able to rely on the support of the French, he abdicated in favour of his son, who was proclaimed Napoleon the Second. Knowing that he could no longer remain in safety in France, he hastened to the coast, and embarked at Rochefort, with a view to emigrate to America; but learning that the English cruisers were on the alert, he determined to deliver himself up to England; and intimating his intention on the morning of the 15th of July, 1815, Napoleon and his suite were received on board the *Bellerophon*, commanded by Captain Maitland. On entering the ship, he said to the captain, "Sir, I come to claim the protection of your prince and your laws." He also wrote a letter to the Prince Regent, of which the following is a copy.

"Rochefort, 13 Juillet, 1815.

"ALTESSE ROYALE,

"En butte aux factions qui divisent mon pays, et à l'inimitié des plus grandes puissances de l'Europe, j'ai terminé ma carrière politique; et je viens, comme Thémistocle, m'asseoir sur les foyers du peuple Britannique. Je me mets sous la protection de ses lois; que je réclame de V. A. R. comme le plus puissant, le plus constant, et le plus généreux de mes ennemis.

"NAPOLEON."

This appeal, however, failed of its intended effect. The English government would not consent to his landing in England, and determined to send him, for safe custody, to the Island of St. Helena.

The Northumberland, Captain Ross, bearing the flag of Admiral Sir George Cockburn, was appointed to convey the fallen emperor to his final destination. His reception on board this vessel, is thus strikingly described by Mr. Warden.

"Our quarter-deck was covered with officers, and there were also some individuals of rank, who had come round from motives of curiosity, to view the passing scene. Besides the object of general attraction and attention, the barge contained Lord Keith and Sir George Cockburn; Marshal Bertrand, who had shared in all his imperial master's fortunes; and the generals Montholon and Gourgaud, who had been, and still continued to retain, the titles of his aides-de-camp. As the boat approached, the figure of Napoleon was readily distinguished. The marines occupied the front of the poop, and the officers kept the quarter-deck. An universal silence prevailed when the barge reached the side, and there was a grave but anxious aspect in all the spectators, which, in the opinion of others, as well as myself, was no small addition to the solemnity of the ceremonial. Count Bertrand ascended first, and having bowed, retired a few steps to give place to him whom he still considered as his master, and in whose presence he appeared to feel all his most respectful homage was still due. The whole ship's company

seemed at this moment to be in breathless expectation. Lord Keith was the last who quitted the barge, and I cannot give you a more complete idea of the wrapped attention of all on board to the figure of Napoleon, than that his lordship, high as he is in naval character, admiral also of the Channel fleet, to which we belonged, and arrayed in the full uniform of his rank, and with the decorations of his order, did not seem to be noticed, nor scarcely even to be seen, among the group which was subject to him.

"With a slow step, Bonaparte mounted the gangway; and on feeling himself firm on the quarter-deck, he raised his hat, when the guards presented arms, and the drum rolled. The officers of the *Northumberland*, who were uncovered, stood considerably in advance. Those he approached, and saluted with an air of the most affable politeness."

In a conversation which Mr. Warden had with Count Bertrand on the following day, the Count complained in very forcible terms of the severity with which the emperor, for that title he continued to receive from his attendants, was treated by the English government, in being consigned to pass his days on the rock of St. Helena, amid the wide waste of waters. The emperor, he said, had thrown himself on the mercy of England, from a full and consoling confidence, that he should there find a place of refuge. He asked what worse fate could have befallen him, had he been taken a prisoner on board an American ship, in which he might have endeavoured to make his escape? He reasoned, for some time, on the probability of success in such an attempt; and they might now, he added, have cause to repent that he had not risked it. He then proceeded:

"Could not my royal master, think you, have placed himself at the head of the army of the Loire? And can you persuade yourself that it would not have been proud to range itself under his command? And is it not possible, nay, more than probable, that he would have been joined by numerous adherents from the north, the south, and the east? Nor can it be denied, that he might have placed himself in such a position, as to have made far better terms for himself than have now been imposed upon him. It was to save the further effusion of blood that he threw himself into your arms; that he trusted to the honour of a nation famed for its generosity and love of justice; nor would it have been a disgrace to England to have acknowledged Napoleon Bonaparte as a citizen. He demanded to be enrolled among the humblest of them; and wished for little more than the heavens as a covering, and the soil of England, on which he might tread in safety. Was this too much for such a man to ask? Surely not; nor could such a man imagine, in any moment of depression, if it were possible for such a spirit as his to be so depressed, that the boon would be refused him. It might rather have been a subject of pride to England, that the conqueror of almost all Europe but herself, sought in his adverse fortune, to pass the remainder of a life which forms so splendid an epocha in the history of our age, in any retired spot of her domains, which she might have allotted him."

The sensation excited in the little interesting colony of St. Helena, on the arrival of this extraordinary guest, may be more easily imagined than described. Curiosity, astonishment, and interest, combined to rouse the inhabitants from their habitual tranquillity, into a state of busy activity and inquisitive solicitude.

Napoleon did not leave his cabin for a full hour after the ship had anchored in the bay; however, when the deck became clear, he made his appearance, and ascended the poop ladder, from which he could examine every gun that bristles at the mouth of James Valley, in the centre of which the town of that name, and the only one in the island, is situate. His countenance betrayed no particular sensation; he looked as any other man would look at a place which he beheld for the first time. Indeed, during the

whole voyage, he preserved the same placid countenance, accompanied with the most unassuming manners.

The inhabitants of St. Helena were disappointed of the gratification which they anticipated from witnessing the landing of this illustrious exile. He eluded their gaze, by landing under the cloud of night.

At an early hour on the following morning, Bonaparte, accompanied by Sir George Cockburn, ascended the mountain on horseback to Longwood, where the English government had commenced erecting a suitable house for his future residence.

About a mile from James town, and midway up the mountain, stands the country-house of a most respectable man, and a merchant of the island, Mr. Balcombe. It is named *The Briars*, and is situated on a level spot, which might almost be imagined to have been formed by art in the steep ascent. It occupies about two acres, and is bountifully supplied with water, by whose irrigating influence, a pleasing and contrasted scene of vegetation, enriched by fruit trees, has been produced, and seems, as it were, suspended between the heights above and the depths below. Here Napoleon, on his descent from Longwood, was induced to call; and such was the hospitable importunity of the amiable master of the mansion, that he relinquished his intention of returning to the valley.

On an elevated mound about fifty yards from the house, is a gothic building, having one room below, and two small apartments above. This cottage Napoleon chose for his residence, till Longwood could be completed. There was no choice in the arrangement of this confined abode. The ground-floor was of course occupied by him, while De las Cases, with his son, who was a page, and the valet in waiting, were to possess the upper story.

While residing here, Napoleon frequently made one of Mr. Balcombe's family parties, where he was neither troublesome nor intrusive; but conducted himself with the manners of a gentleman, and a lively demeanour that promoted the general vivacity of the domestic circle.

The English language, of which he at first knew nothing, he soon became so much master of, as to be able to read the newspapers with ease, from which he used to say he derived no inconsiderable amusement. "But," added he, "they are occasionally inconsistent, and sometimes abusive. In one paper I am called a liar, in another a tyrant, in a third a monster, and in one of them, which I really did not expect, I am destroyed as a coward; but it turned out, after all, that the writer did not accuse me of avoiding danger in the field of battle, or flying from an enemy, or fearing to look at the menaces of fate and fortune; it did not charge me with wanting presence of mind in the hurry of battle, and in the suspense of conflicting armies. No such thing; I wanted courage, it seems, because I did not coolly take a dose of poison, or throw myself into the sea, or blow out my brains. The editor most certainly misunderstands me; I have at least too much courage for that."

The first philosophy, that of accommodating the mind to circumstances, Napoleon certainly possessed in an eminent degree. Mr. Warden observed to him, that, considering the active life he (had) led, it did not appear that he took sufficient exercise to preserve himself in a right state of health. He replied, "My rides, indeed, are too confined; but the being accompanied by an officer is so very disagreeable to me, that I must be content to suffer the consequences of abridging them. However, I feel no inconvenience from the want of exercise. Man can accustom himself to privations. At one period of my life, I was many hours on horseback every day, for six years; and I was once eighteen months without passing from the house."

On the removal of Bonaparte to Longwood, certain limits were assigned him for exercise, round which a cordon of sentinels was stationed. While

he continued within the circle, he experienced no additional vigilance; but when he ventured beyond, an officer was appointed to attend him. Of this restraint, which was continued to the last, Bonaparte complained greatly; and it induced him at length to limit his excursions to the narrow sphere within which he could walk without the annoyance of a guard at his elbow. "You are acquainted," said he to Mr. Warden, "with the Island of St. Helena, and must be sensible that a sentinel placed on either of these hills, can command the sight of me, from the moment I quit this house till I return to it. If an officer or soldier placed on that height will not content your governor, why not place ten, twenty, a troop of dragoons? Let them never lose sight of me, only keep an officer from my side!"

Bonaparte thus restrained in his excursions, confined himself much at home, which gradually impaired his health; but his activity of mind continued the same. The transactions in the great theatre of the world, on which he had acted so distinguished a part, were not regarded by him with indifference. Nothing gave him greater pleasure than to receive periodical works and public journals, which he devoured with eagerness. Hope, which gains access every where, even found its way to Longwood, to lessen the afflictions of the wretched. The hope of Bonaparte was principally placed on the state of England, where he anticipated a change would take place, which must be to his advantage. "The government of England," said he, "has received a mortal wound; the heart is struck; I count its pulse, and know when it must stop. The expiring struggle will be terrible."

Though Bonaparte had nothing more to hope for from France, yet his conversation most frequently turned upon it. "I have always loved France," said he, "and was well acquainted with it. I never deceived myself about France; but I have been mistaken respecting the sentiments of foreign countries. The princes forgot what I had left them, and recollected only that of which they had been deprived. I ought to have foreseen this." At no time did Bonaparte feel his banishment more painful, than when he indulged in speaking of the affairs of France. He then could not think, without shuddering, on the barriers with which Longwood was surrounded; in these moments, he resembled a prisoner, who violently shakes his chains, and falls into a rage at being unable to break them.

For some months previous to the death of this illustrious exile, which took place on the 5th of May, 1821, he took little exercise, but principally devoted his time to writing, or dictating to his secretary. His last illness was only of six weeks duration; but it was so powerful, as nearly to reduce him to a skeleton. During the latter part of his illness, he frequently conversed with his medical attendants on its nature, of which he seemed to be perfectly aware. He declared that it was hereditary, and that his father had died of the same complaint. Until within a few hours of his death, he continued to give directions about his affairs and papers; he said he wished his body to be opened, in order that his son might be informed of the nature of his disease.

One trait of character displayed itself in his last moments, which showed the

"Ruling passion strong in death."

When he found his end rapidly approaching, he begged to be dressed in his full uniform, with boots and spurs, and placed on a favourite camp-bed on which he was accustomed to sleep when in health, and which he preferred to every other. Thus, habited, he who once had ruled the world, bade the world adieu. His last words were "*Mon fils*;" and he afterwards imperfectly articulated, "*Tete d'armees*," and "*France*." His last moments were cheered by the faithful attentions of General Bertrand and his lady, Count Montholon, and such of his suite as had preserved their attachment to their master in the lowest of his fortunes—his exile.

NOTICES RELATIVE TO THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA.

By M. Walckenaer, of the Academy of Inscriptions of Paris.

The city of Timboot, or Timbooctoo, was founded in the year 610 of the Hegira, or 1213 of the Christian æra, and it shortly became the capital of a powerful state. Its foundation may probably be ascribed to the Moors of Spain; at least it is certain that an architect of Grenada erected a palace for the king, of stone, and the first mosque in the new African city.

Timbooctoo rapidly became the centre of a considerable commerce, viz. that of the Soudan, and of numerous caravans repairing thither from Senaar, Nubia, Egypt, Tunis, Tripoli, Fez, and Morocco, and from all the Oases of the Desert.

At the end of the fifteenth century, the genius of navigation, which in antiquity had been held in a sort of duress, was all at once invigorated by the invention of the compass, the ocean being thereby rendered subservient. Dias doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and Columbus raised establishments in a new continent.

The Portuguese gave the first impulsion to these discoveries; they ranged along the coasts of Africa, where they established rich factories, and even then it was an object of their ambition to penetrate to Timbooctoo. If credit be due to their great historian, John de Barros, they actually arrived there, and made some unsuccessful attempts to establish a regular traffic. Other European nations, the French and English especially, have frequently made similar attempts. Those efforts relaxed about the middle of the eighteenth century, but towards the end of it, have been resumed with fresh vigour. From the first formation, in London, of a society for discoveries in Africa (which was in 1788), the name of Timbooctoo, often resounded in the solitudes of the Desert, has again repeatedly struck the ears of Europeans.

I expected, by the means of two Arab itineraries in my possession, combined with other documents, to determine the position of the city. These researches I have consigned for a larger work, wherein I explore the origin of the various opinions entertained relative to divers of the maritime and interior countries, and the degree of certainty assignable to them. This is in the former part.

In a second part, I have revised what has been done, for the illustration of African geography, since the revival of letters. I have compared all the original maps of Africa since the first which was laid down by John Ruisch, and engraved in 1508, to those by Forlani, Ortelius, Mercator, Sanson, Delisle, D'Anville, Rennell, Arrowsmith and others.

These two parts are an introduction to the third and last. In a geographical analysis, I have been obliged to reconstruct all that part of the empire of Morocco which lies south of Mount Atlas. In this part of Africa, a river had been placed, which I prove to have no existence, and the course of other admitted rivers has been ill traced. I have rectified the positions of Tatta, of Akba, of Tafilet, of Gadames, whence the caravans set out that proceed to the Soudan. I have ascertained the positions of all the places indicated in my two itineraries, in which number are the capitals of the *Touats* and the *Touaricks*, two large tribes of Moors that predominate in the Desert. Also the position of Houssa, long famous as the capital of a great kingdom in the Soudan; that of another city much more considerable, named Ouanonki, hitherto unknown to all the geographers; and lastly, the position of Timbooctoo. There can be little doubt, I conceive, as to the longitude and latitude assigned, in my chart, to this city, as they are the result of several large lines that cross and coincide at the same point.

From what has appeared in some later relations, there has been a revolution in that country, resembling that which took place at the beginning of

the sixteenth century. The Negroes, idolaters, of the kingdom of Bambara, are reported to have expelled the Mahometan Moors. In this case, Europeans would expect to find an easier entrance into the country; but should such a state of things be durable, civilization will retrograde, and the commerce of the Soudan decline.

No part of the globe exhibits contrasts more striking than what are found between the countries of Senegambia and those of the Soudan and Sahara, or the vast desert that stretches to the north. The natives of these two regions, notwithstanding the alliances they have contracted, together with their congenial relations in commerce and religion, after the lapse of several ages, remain as dissimilar as the lands which they inhabit.

The desert of Sahara, extending 1600 geographical miles from east to west, and 800 from north to south, includes, at certain intervals, oases, or fertile spots, altogether surprising, from their delectable aspect and luxuriant produce. The other parts, however, show nothing but a flat, hard soil, or otherwise covered with moving sands, sometimes carried away by the winds, or tossed upwards, in undulating lines, like the waves of the sea. Occasionally there appear hills of shells and pebbles that contain also enormous layers of mineral salt, white as snow; and occasionally it is darkened by masses of basaltic stone, heaped one upon another, and intermixed with the trunks of trees, carbonated and petrified; irrevocable proofs of the ancient revolutions of nature. No animal but the greyish ostrich and the spotted leopard interrupt the vast silence of these deserts. Solitudes of desolation, without verdure, without water,—over which the eye roams, and the sight is bewildered, incapable of reposing on a single object. The dazzling glare of the sun, reflected in these plains, as by a burning mirror, is only shaded, for momentary intervals, by those clouds of sand which some hurricane rolls through the air, in enormous columns, and which at times, condensing in the atmosphere, bury whole caravans in their descent, or driven, even over the continent and the waters of the ocean, seem to mariners thick mists that conceal the views of the coasts, at many miles distance. At times, too, a breath of wind, light but rapid, and scorching like flame, will suffocate both men and animals that are not ready enough in turning aside, or falling prostrate, to avoid its destructive *inflatus*.

In these burning climates, the want of water, where the provision of it is insufficient or exhausted, brings on inevitable death, with torments that cannot be described. An extreme aridity shrivels up the skin; the eyes turn red and fiery; a fainting sickness, increasing with every fresh beat of the pulse; the palpitating respiration interrupted with violent pain; large tears dropping, as if by violence, from eyes dried up—and in a few moments, if not relieved, the sufferer loses all feeling, and breathes his last. The unexpected drought of a single spring, a false reckoning in the distances, an error in the direction of the road, any mischance happening to the skins that contain the provision of water, have frequently proved the death, in this frightful shape, of thousands of individuals, with all their cattle.

Such, however, is the country inhabited by the Arab Moors, and which they are loth to quit, as in no other part of the globe could they gratify inclinations and propensities, which they have contracted, by habit, from their birth. Fierce, active, warlike, they adore liberty, and despise other nations, especially such as pen themselves up in cities, and are attached to the soil. They prefer being on the travel, or engaged in commerce and in warfare. By means of guides that are found in every part of the Desert, they traverse it in all directions, with their camels, horses, oxen, sheep, she-goats, and all their wealth; they repair to Egypt, to Abyssinia, Tripoli, Tunis, Algiers, Morocco, Cachenah, Bournou, Timbooctoo, Senegal, Gambia, the Gold Coast, and even to the borders of the Zaire. In short, to acquire the titles of

Hadji and *Sidi* (pilgrim and saint), they pass the boundaries of Africa, and undertake the long pilgrimage of Mecca. They are constantly encamped under their dark tents, which are impenetrable to rain. Interdicted by their religion from every intoxicating beverage, water is their only drink. They live on mares' and camels' milk, on dried millet made into a pastry, called *couscou*, on maize, dates, figs, gums, and the luscious juice of the palm-tree. They weave their own stuffs, tan their leather, work it for all sorts of uses, and of it make beautiful morocco leather. Their fire-arms they procure from Europeans, but they make their own zagays, or darts, their pikes, their poignards, their harness, and other necessities. They even work in gold and silver, with much skill and adroitness.

Their principal occupation, however, is taking care of their cattle. Their horses obey the slightest signal, fall on their knees, salute with the head, and seem to enjoy all the caresses of their master. Sometimes, in perilous occasions, these proud coursers rush into a gallop with inconceivable velocity, when the spur tears their flanks, and the bit, roughly made, fills their mouths with blood.

These Moors, in general, are zealous Mahometans, and carry about with them their priests, known by the names of *marabouts* and *talbes*. They sleep, eat, and pray in common, without distinction of age or sex. Their language is the ancient Arabic, which they sound very soft and melodious. In their long journeys, they sing songs, by way of beguiling time, or soothing their camels, ready to sink under fatigue; often, also, in celebration of the great exploits of their warriors. They have improvisatori that make verses with facility. At night, after prayers and supper, they delight in hearing tales and histories, till sleep close their eyes. The youths are encouraged to discuss before the old men, the interests of their tribe. But it is the wives of the chiefs that are employed to negotiate matters of peace. Before these interlocutors, lances and scymitars drop, and the respect paid to them annihilates obstacles.

In respect of character, these Moors are rapacious, envious, and choleric, yet practising dissimulation and expert in fraud with such as, from interest or policy, they have to deal with. They exercise the most horrid barbarity on the whites that fall into their hands, by shipwreck, or other calamitous event, treating them as a degraded species, incapable of supporting the fatigues of the Desert. Such would be instantly plundered and massacred, if there was no hope of drawing some advantage from them. To such as have submitted to their protection, they show mildness, justice, humanity, and such is their behaviour to their negro slaves. Their tents are a sacred asylum, wherein if their direst enemy seeks refuge, he may sleep in security.

In respect of person, they are tall, well made, copper-coloured, unacquainted with sickness or infirmities. From their sober, regular, and laborious life, they acquire such a vigour of health and constitution, as to lengthen their days beyond the usual term of human life. Such is the Desert, and such are its inhabitants.

In the Soudan and in Senegambia, the face of nature is reversed; majestic forests rise, immense lakes spread out, extensive rivers roll: every where appear limpid waters, verdant umbrage, cultivated fields; enormous trees, the colossi of the vegetable kingdom, are the natural growth; and there wander the largest of the animal creation known on our globe. In these fertile regions, the water, air, plants, interior soil, clefts of the rocks, beds of rivers and streams, the bottoms of lakes and marshes, yield the spectacle of a perpetual agitation. Here nature is incessantly exhibiting her productive faculties, and the phenomena of life and animation appear every hour under thousands of different forms and colours. The Negroes are in possession

of these countries—a race of men essentially distinct from all others. Though neighbours to the Moors, nothing can be more opposite than their manners, character, habits, inclinations and physical conformation. Addicted to a kind of carelessness which nothing can equal, light and fickle, the Negro is a stranger to the cares of ambition, and to the chagrin of privations; his wants are few and easy to be gratified, from the beauty of the climate and fertility of the soil, without undertaking long journeys, or sustaining painful labours. At his feet the indigo and the cotton tree grow without culture. Half an ell of cloth is his whole wardrobe. Some feet of timber, ill cut, some reeds, straw and leaves, suffice to rear him an habitation. A trunk of the *ceyba* hollowed serves for his pirogue or canoe. Twenty days labour in a year will effectually cultivate the fields that yield his most essential sustenance. At the age of eighteen, he selects a female companion, and though under a burning sky, desire, in him, is not a raging, devouring passion. Tranquil in the bosom of his family, forgetting the past, content with the present, thoughtless for the future, his life passes away in a voluptuous freedom from care—and this is his *summum bonum*. In the coolness of the night, and by the light of the moon, he will deviate into expressions of joy, by cadenced movements to the sound of instruments. To a people so satisfied, every thing becomes a subject of fetes and divertisements—ceremonies, receptions, births, marriages, duties rendered to the gods, even funerals, these all terminate in songs and dances.

The Negroes have prodigiously multiplied, and branched out into numerous nations; some have turned Mahometans, and these are the most civilized, but they disfigure their religion; others retain their gross and inveterate superstitions. The example, however, of a milder religion, has entirely abolished, in Senegambia and in Soudan, those sanguinary habits and ferocious prejudices which excite so much horror in voyagers that penetrate into the interior of Guinea and Congo.

On the banks of the great rivers and lakes that water Senegambia and the Soudan, also in valleys formed by the lofty chains of mountains that cross these regions, or in the vast forests that cover them, the Negro nations have erected a considerable number of towns, villages, and even considerable cities.

Of all these, Timbooctoo is at present the most spoken of; and though from various credible reports, it is not the largest and most populous in the Soudan, the most moderate computations allow it 100,000 inhabitants. Mohammed, the son of Foul, in an itinerary which I have analyzed, speaking of Timbooctoo, has the following sentence: "It is the greatest city that God has created, where all strangers find an abundance for all their wants; a city filled with merchants and traders."

On the coasts of this rich and populous portion of the globe, France has long established a colony, not so remarkable for its numbers as for the wisdom and moderation with which it has been governed. The French have hereby acquired the facilities of advancing further into the interior than any other European nation. They are much in favour with the Negroes and Moors of Senegambia, who have a regular commercial correspondence with the Soudan. The French, sooner than any others, might penetrate even to Timbooctoo.

CURRENTS.

A bottle thrown from the Hecla, on its former voyage, 16th June, 1819, lat. 58° 13' N. and long. 46° 55' W. was found on the 29th July last on the southeast shore of the island of Teneriffe.

Variety.**PRINCE LEOPOLD OF BRUNSWICK.**

In the year 1785, Prince Leopold of Brunswick, son of the reigning duke, lost his life in endeavouring to relieve the inhabitants of a village that was overflowed by the Oder, which had burst its banks in several places, and carried away houses, bridges, and every thing that opposed its progress. This amiable prince was standing by the side of the river, when a woman threw herself at his feet, beseeching him to give orders to some persons to go and rescue her children, whom, bewildered by the sudden danger, she had left behind in the house. Some soldiers who were in the same place, were also calling out for help. The prince endeavoured to procure a flat-bottomed boat, but none could be found to venture across the river, although he offered large sums of money, and promised to share the danger. At last, moved by the cries of the unfortunate inhabitants of the suburbs, and being led by the sensibility of his disposition, he took the resolution of going to their assistance himself. Those who were about him, endeavoured to dissuade him from the hazardous enterprise; but touched to the soul by the distress of these miserable people, he nobly replied, "What am I more than either you or they? I am a man like yourselves, and nothing ought to be attended to here, but the voice of humanity." Unshaken, therefore, in his resolution, and in spite of all entreaties, he immediately embarked with three watermen in a small boat, and crossed the river; the boat did not want more than three lengths of the bank, when it struck against a tree, and in an instant they all, together with the boat, disappeared. A few minutes after, the prince rose again, and supported himself a short time by taking hold of a tree; but the violence of the current soon overwhelmed him, and he never appeared more. The boatmen, more fortunate, were all saved, and the prince alone became the victim of his humanity.

DR. FOTHERGILL.

Dr. John Fothergill, whose attachment to botany was a leading feature in his character, having noticed a spot of land suitable for a garden, on the Surry side of the Thames, which was to dispose of, agreed for the price. One obstacle alone remained, to make it his own. It was let to a tenant at will, whose little family subsisted on its produce, and whose misery was inevitable, had he expelled him from his fruitful soil. The moment Dr. Fothergill was made acquainted with the circumstance, he broke off the bargain, saying, that "nothing could ever afford gratification to him, which entailed misery on another;" and when he relinquished this projected Eden, he made the family a present of the intended purchase money, which enabled them to become proprietors, where they had formerly only been tenants at will.

Captain Carver, a name well known in the annals of misery, as well as by his travels in North America, was reduced by long continued want, to great indigence. Disease, its natural consequence, gave him access to Dr. Fothergill, who, as often as he applied for medical relief, accompanied his prescription with a liberal donation. But Captain Carver was not an importunate solicitor. The mind not hardened by familiarity of refusal, or that has not acquired by frequent struggles the art of suppressing its emotions, possesses that diffidence which is the inseparable associate of worth. Between diffidence and want, many were the struggles of Captain Carver; but overcome, at length, by repeated acts of the doctor's generosity, a fear of becoming troublesome to his benefactor, determined him to prefer that want, rather than continue what he conceived intrusive. Death soon released

him. When his fate was communicated to the doctor, he exclaimed, "If I had known his distress, he should not thus have died."

DUKE OF NIVERNOIS.

When the Duke of Nivernois was ambassador in England, he was going down to Lord Townshend's seat in Norfolk, on a private visit, quite in dishabille, and with only one servant; when he was obliged, from a very heavy shower of rain, to stop at a farm-house in the way. The master of the house was a clergyman, who to a poor curacy, added the care of a few scholars, and gained, in all, about £80 a year, with which he had to maintain a wife and six children.

When the duke alighted, the clergyman, not knowing his rank, begged him to come in and dry himself. His excellency accepted the offer, borrowed a pair of old worsted stockings and slippers, and otherwise warmed himself by a good fire. After some conversation, the duke observed an old chess board hanging up; and as he was passionately fond of that game, he asked the parson whether he could play? His host answered, that he could tolerably, but found it difficult in that part of the country to find an antagonist. "I'm your man," says the duke. "With all my heart," rejoins the parson; "and if you'll stay and take pot luck, I'll try if I can't beat you." The day still continuing rainy, the duke accepted his offer; when the parson played so much better, that he won every game. The duke, far from fretting at this, was highly pleased to meet a man who could give him such entertainment at his favourite game. He accordingly inquired into the state of his family affairs; and just taking a memorandum of his host's address, without discovering his title, thanked him, and left him.

Some months passed over without the clergyman thinking any thing of his visiter; when one evening a footman in a laced livery rode up to the door, and presented him with the following billet:

"THE Duke of Nivernois' compliments wait on the Rev. Mr. —; and as a remembrancer for the good drubbing he received from him at chess, and the hospitality he showed him on a late occasion, begs that he will accept of the living of — (worth £400 a year), and wait on His Grace the Duke of Newcastle on Friday next, to thank him for the same."

It was some time before the honest parson could imagine the letter any thing more than a joke, and he was actually not for going to town to wait on the premier; but his wife insisting on his making the trial, he came to London, and to his unspeakable satisfaction, found the contents of the duke's note literally true.

MAGNANIMOUS BANDIT.

The leader of a gang of banditti in Corsica, who had long been famous for his exploits, was at length taken, and committed to the care of a soldier, from whom he contrived to escape. The soldier was condemned to death. At the place of execution, a man coming up to the commanding officer, said, "Sir, I am a stranger to you, but you shall soon know who I am. I have heard that one of your soldiers is to die for having suffered a prisoner to escape. He was not at all to blame; besides, the prisoner shall be restored to you. Behold him here! I am the man. I cannot bear that an innocent man should be punished for me, and have come to die myself; lead me to execution." "No!" exclaimed the French officer, who felt the sublimity of the action as he ought; "thou shalt not die; and the soldier shall be set at liberty. Endeavour to reap the fruits of thy generosity. Thou deservest to be henceforth an honest man."

COLD.

The winter is here very severe. The gates of all towns and cities of Persia are shut soon after sunset, and reopened at sunrise; and, during the